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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home

J. F. BOWRING



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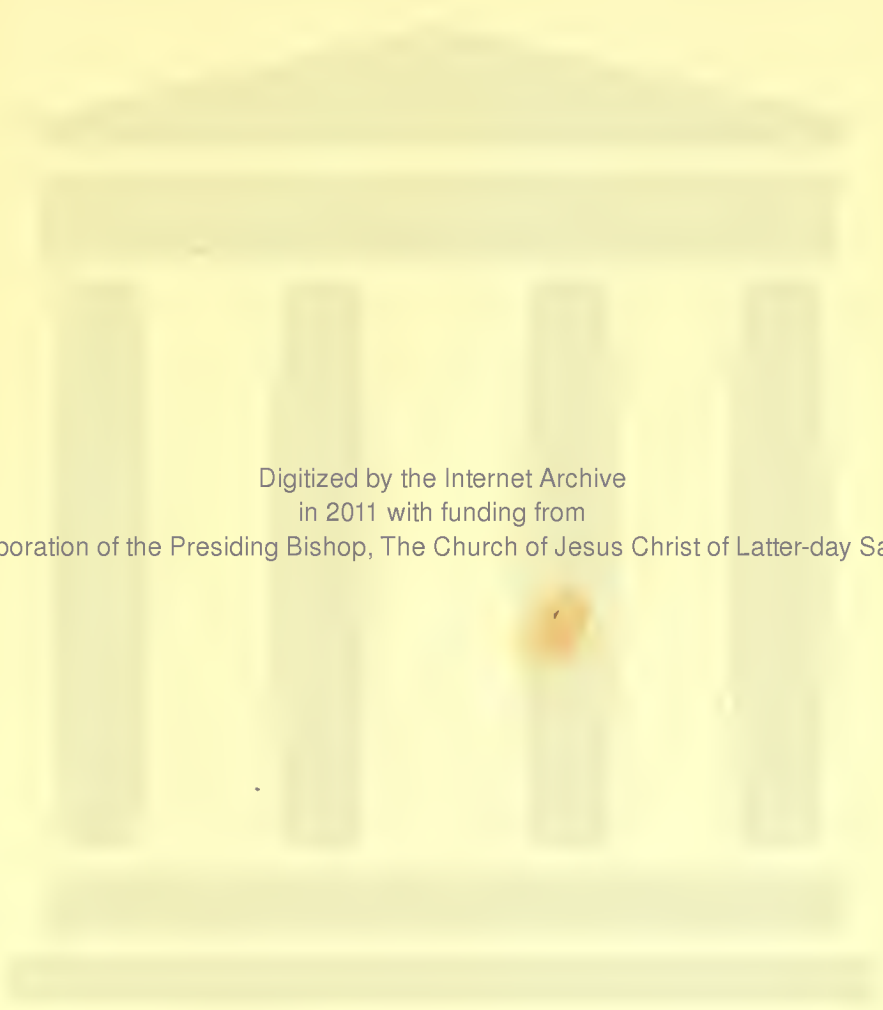
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ELDER GEORGE REYNOLDS.

Elder George Reynolds.

Elder George Reynolds died at his home in Salt Lake City on Monday, August 9th, shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

This announcement will bring sorrow to thousands who have been honored in personal acquaintance with Brother Reynolds, and to many thousands more who have known him through his work alone.

As a representative of the great Sunday School cause he ranked as a veteran. For over forty years he was an active Sunday School officer

Sunday School Union; in November, 1900, he became Second Assistant General Superintendent, and in June, 1901, he was made First Assistant in the General Superintendency. From the last named office he was honorably released in April, 1909, owing to continued ill health.

The Sunday School cause, however, was but part of the labor to which his life was devoted; his talents and energies have been utilized in many departments of Church activity. Since April, 1890, he has been one of the First Council of Seventies, and his associates in that high quorum bear loving testimony to his devotion and efficiency.

Though engaged with many duties and charged with numerous responsibilities in connection with his official positions, he made for himself opportunity for literary work; and his contributions to the literature of the Church constitutes an enduring monument to his memory. Among the earlier productions of his pen are the treatises entitled "The Book of Abraham," "Are We of Israel?" and "The Myth of the Manuscript Found." Among his later and larger publications are the "Dictionary of the Book of Mormon," "The Story of the Book of Mormon," and the "Book of Mormon Concordance." The last named work is the embodiment of a stupendous undertaking, most successfully accomplished. One of the



in ward, stake, or general capacity, and for a full third of a century held high positions as an officer of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. Early in 1876 he was made General Treasurer of the Deseret

speakers at the funeral services declared that whatever Brother Reynolds undertook to do he did so well as to make unnecessary a repetition of the labor by later workers, and in illustration of the fact cited the "Concordance" named above.

It has been said that to study biography is to study history by example. Any one who becomes familiar with the life of George Reynolds will be versed in the principal events of the history of the Church during the period covered by that life. It is not the purpose of the present writing to present in detail a biography of the great man who has just been called away. The columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to which he was one of the earliest contributors, have been opened in past years to sketches of his life;



and the reader will find much of instruction and encouragement in articles that appeared in Vol. 36, page 385, and Vol. 43, pages 5 to 8.

George Reynolds joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of his own volition and in the face of strenuous opposition from friends and relatives, while he was yet of tender years. Within a year after his baptism we find him devoted to missionary work, accompanying the elders of the Church, and taking part with them in open-air meetings on the streets of London. Neither ridicule nor abuse could turn him from the work he had undertaken; from the time he received his testimony as to the truth of the Gospel he was never tempted to look back with desire to return to the old ways.

He left the land of his birth and immigrated to the gathering-place of the Saints in 1865, arriving in Salt Lake City in July of that year. At this time he was 23 years of age. After a short period of service in the mercantile business, he was called to a clerical position in the office of the President of the Church; and from that time to the day of his death knew no other occupation than that of devotion to Church interests and labor.

In 1871 he returned to his native land and there served a short term in the missionary field. He was soon recalled to Utah, where he resumed his labors at the Church headquarters. He has been the confidential secretary and trusted representative of each president of the Church, from the time of President Brigham Young to the present.

One item of his willing service in the cause of the Church stands as a unique example of devotion and self-sacrifice. As is known to stu-

dents of Utah history, the so-called anti-polygamy law of 1862 remained practically a dead letter for years after its enactment. It was held by many that the law was unconstitutional in that it interfered with individual rights of conscience and religious freedom. In 1874 an agreement was made between the federal officers and representatives of the Church to test the validity of the law in question, and to this end a case was to be tried in which the defendant would furnish all the evidence against himself. Elder George Reynolds offered himself as the victim for the trial. The proceedings were long and complicated, and not until June, 1879, was effective sentence pronounced. The defendant had been found guilty, and suffered imprisonment and fine in consequence.

Brother Reynolds was interested in every phase of human thought and advancement. He was not only a hard worker; he was orderly and methodical in all that he did. His mind was of the scientific type, investigative, analytical, judicial. In recognition of his interest in Anthropology, he was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1894.

Brother Reynolds was born in London, England, January 1, 1842, and was therefore in the 68th year of his age at the time of death. As reckoned in years, he did not live to become an old man, having been summoned home before rounding

out the three-score years and ten. But if his age be counted in deeds and devotion, his life was full and complete, and he has been gathered as a sheaf fully ripe. He died as he had lived, a patriarch in Israel,



and leaves a large and worthy family to continue his good work in the cause of redemption. The Church has been strengthened by his labors, the cause of truth has been advanced by his efforts; the world is better for his having lived.

Jane's Lesson.

By Annie Malin.

"Jane! Jane!" called Aunt Sarah; and at the sound of the shrill voice, Jane awoke with a start to find that daylight was creeping into the bare little room. She sighed and closed her eyes again wishing she could have finished her dream; for it had been of a far different scene from the little attic room in which she lay. A lonely room she had seen in her dream, with birds and flowers and fine furniture; and, best of all, in one corner stood a piano. Jane had seen a piano one day when she had taken berries to the hotel. One of the pretty ladies who was there for the summer was playing on it. She fancied she could hear it now—the beautiful dreamy music which had filled her heart with vague longings. She placed her fingers on the faded patch-work quilt and hummed the air in a tone not much above a whisper.

"Jane! Jane!" came the shrill voice again. The girl jumped out of bed, hastily proceeded to dress herself as she answered cheerfully, "I'm coming, Aunt Sarah."

It had required an effort on Jane's part to answer cheerfully. She disliked to get up so early every morning; but she knew the berries must be picked before the sun grew hot. It was tiresome work to lean over the long rows. The dew was often heavy upon them. Very often she became unpleasantly wet. Still the work had to be done, and there was no one else to do it. The money received from Mrs. Jones at the hotel was a great help to Aunt Sarah; and Jane her-

self had been promised a new calico dress when the berry season was over.

Soon she was on her way to the strawberry patch, her sun-bonnet hanging down her back, her basket on her arm, and her thoughts still upon the piano and the music she had heard. Unconsciously she raised her voice and sang the haunting notes. A robin hopping among the vines stopped in his search for a worm and flew to the fence which separated the field from the dusty country-road. Then growing bolder, he flew to the ground again with a chirp.

Jane watched him for a moment as he flew into the branches of a large tree growing near. With a sigh she applied herself energetically to her task.

"If I had wings," she said to herself, "I'd fly farther away than that," and then she laughed. "A pretty looking bird I'd make," she said scornfully, "or anything else for that matter," she concluded bitterly.

Her mood soon changed, for Jane's was a sweet disposition, and she was soon singing blithely. In fact, she lost herself in her music; for music it was ever coming from the lips of the simple country girl, who had never been taught a note, and whose knowledge of music was confined to the simple hymns she heard in the old meeting house.

"When I grow up," she had said once to Aunt Sarah, "I'm going to learn to play," and her Aunt sighed; for they were very poor and even she did not realize what a strug-

gle it was to live. There was the mortgage, too, which Aunt Sarah had been obliged to place upon the little farm when her only brother, Jane's father, died after a long illness.

Poor Aunt Sarah would willingly have done more for the little orphan if it had been in her power. Jane was all she had in the world, and her sunny face was the only comfort she knew.

While Jane sang in the strawberry patch, Aunt Sarah was planning for her pleasure. "I'll let the child take the berries herself," she thought, "and maybe she'll hear the young lady play again; but I don't know if I'm doing right. Her mother was a born musician, but I don't know as it done her much good, for she spent her time drumming on the old organ when she might have been working. But then, I s'pose if the good Lord didn't want music He wouldn't put it into folks' fingers, and hearts, and Sarah Green ain't the one to go against Him."

Jane's task was nearly completed. She still sang gayly. As the last berry was put into the basket, she arose and straightened her tired limbs and back. She picked up the basket and made her way to the shade of a clump of trees to rest a few moments before proceeding to the house. It was still early and the girl sat down and surveyed the familiar scene, the crooked fence and roadway winding along until lost in the distance. Jane found herself wondering where the end of it was and what one would find there.

"When I grow older," she mused, "I'll find out; for I'll walk all the way to the end, and see the world. There's lots of people somewhere—millions Aunt Sarah says—but

some are awful wicked. I'll try to be good myself and then I'll be all right. I'll learn to sing and play the piano and then I'll sing to a big crowd and then they'll all clap," and as her imagination was very lively Jane threw off her sun-bonnet, tossed back her two long braids, climbed up on an old stump and sang and trilled until the air rang.

As she bowed and smiled to an imaginary crowd,—she would have been surprised to know that, on the far side of the clump of trees, she had a real audience. When the last note was ended an elderly gentleman raised his hands to clap, but was stopped by his companion, who was a young and beautiful lady. In fact, it was the same one who had so delighted Jane's ears with her music.

"Don't, father," she said in a low tone. "She would be afraid to repeat the performance another time."

"But what a voice! said Professor Melton enthusiastically, "who in the world is she Clarice?"

They watched her get down from the stump and then they moved quietly away. By the time Jane had donned her sun-bonnet, and rested a moment before picking up her basket, they had turned a bend of the road and were out of sight.

Jane walked quickly around the clump of trees and as she had wasted some time, felt a trifle guilty. Suddenly she stopped and stared down at the ground. At her feet was a pocket-book, and as she picked it up and mechanically opened it her breath came in quick gasps. It was full of money. The girl's head fairly swam. She thrust the pocket-book into the large old-fashioned pocket which Aunt Sarah always put in one seam of her calico

skirts and walked toward the house. She had no idea to whom it belonged, having seen no one near since she first got up. Thoughts crowded one after another into her brain and then a great temptation came to her. She had intended to go straight to her Aunt and show her what she had found, but other thoughts crowded that one out.

"It is mine," she thought, "I found it, if I show it to Aunt Sarah I know she'll just make me give it up and then she'll try to find the owner, and maybe," she continued, "the wrong one will claim it, and I might just as well have it. I just guess it belongs to one of the stuck-up city folks at the hotel and Aunt Sarah says they have more money than they know what to do with anyway. She hurried into the house; and, without stopping to find her Aunt, she went swiftly up the little stairway. Entering her bare little room she hid the pocket-book, then went down again.

"Hurry and get ready Jane, and carry them berries to the hotel," said her aunt, "and don't lose no time neither, for you was long enough picking them goodness knows."

Jane hesitated an instant. then said slowly. "I'd rather not take them today, Aunt Sarah."

"Not take 'em?" exclaimed her aunt in surprise. "What ails you, Jane?"

"Nothing," answered the girl, "only I'm tired."

"Well, tired or not they've got to go, and I thought sure you'd be glad of the chance to take them and you'll just have to anyway, for I'm awful busy."

Poor Jane washed her face and hands and prepared to obey, she

felt none of the pleasure she would have felt at the prospect if her conscience had been clear. She took the basket of berries and proceeded on her errand. She was not happy. Suppose Aunt Sarah should go to her room and find the money—but that was not very likely, after all. Suppose it was lost by one of the people at the hotel and he should ask her about it. She closed her lips firmly, "well they have plenty," she thought, "and I can help Aunt Sarah pay off the mortgage with it." She had no idea of the amount she had found, for she had not dared to stop to examine it, but she knew it must be quite a sum. If there was any left she would go to school and take music lessons. But how could she? Aunt Sarah would want to know where she got it. Then another temptation came. She would run away and then Aunt Sarah nor anyone else would know she had it. By the time Jane reached the hotel she was floundering in very deep water. She realized that she could not help her aunt without admitting she had found the money. Love and gratitude for her kindness to her, forbade her leaving the farm. Yet she would not think of giving the money to the owner even if she could find him.

She saw no one at the hotel but Mrs. Jones. The house seemed deserted. It was only a roomy farmhouse but Mrs. Jones had fitted it up for musmer boarders and it was known as the hotel throughout the neighborhood. When Jane returned home she was so quiet that Aunt Sarah asked if she were ill. When Jane told her in answer to her question that she had heard no music she imagined her to be disappointed and said no more about it. All through that long day

Jane went about her work much as usual, but her mind was ill at ease, and all through the night she tossed restlessly upon her bed.

In the morning she went to pick strawberries; but this time she did not sing about her work. She tried to make plans; but she was too unhappy to find any pleasure in this. She went to the hotel, and as she heard the tones of the piano her step grew lighter for a moment. But then her heart grew heavy again and she could scarcely have told why if she had tried.

While she waited for the basket the young lady came out and recognizing the singer of the morning before, generously resolved to give her a little pleasure.

"Would you like to hear some music," she asked kindly.

As Jane answered in the affirmative she drew her into the room and seating herself at the piano, played selection after selection. Jane at first sat mute but after a time she arose to her feet and stood watching the flying fingers in amazement. As Miss Melton paused at last she drew a long breath and asked, "However can you move them so fast?"

Miss Melton laughed, then played again. Then she glided off into beautiful dreamy selections; then into such tender pathetic airs that Jane's over-wrought heart seemed bursting and her eyes filled with tears.

"Please Miss," she whispered as the lady turned to her, "would you let me touch it?"

Miss Melton looked into the childish face and the look of rapture touched her deeply. "My dear girl," she said kindly, "you may touch it all you wish." Jane reached out a trembling hand,

struck a key reverently and burst into tears.

"What in the world is all this?" asked Professor Melton who had entered the room unobserved and who had been an interested speculator of the unusual scene.

"I believe it is the little operatic star we discovered yesterday morning," answered his daughter, "what a pupil she would make, father. She fairly went to pieces over my playing."

Then while she waited for Jane to recover her composure she asked in a low tone, "Did you find any trace of your pocket-book?"

"Not a sign of it, my dear," answered her father. "I am greatly disturbed. I hate to lose so large an amount, but I am afraid it is gone for good." Jane was listening intently now, and it seemed to her that every tick of the old clock on the mantel said "thief!" "thief!" "thief!"

She tried to speak but shame held her dumb. How could she tell these kind people that she had hidden the lost pocket-book and had meant to keep it.

Professor Melton turned to her at last and said kindly, "What is your name, my dear?"

"Jane Green," she answered in a faltering tone.

"And you would like to sing and to stand before an audience and be applauded?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye. "Would you like me to teach you to sing?" he went on, "and would you do your best and put your whole soul into your voice as you did under the trees? If you would you might some day have your wish fulfilled."

Poor Jane, she looked from one to the other, and instead of the delight they expected to see in her

face they saw a growing look of horror, and to their consternation she said brokenly, "Don't be kind to me. I am the thief who stole your pocket-book."

Professor Melton stared aghast at his daughter, and she returned the look, then after a swift glance into the face of poor Jane she placed a tender arm about her and drawing the weeping girl to her she said, "Tell me all about it, dear," and in broken words Jane told the whole story.

"Well, I declare," said the kind-hearted professor at the close of the recital. "I never heard anything like it!"

Jane drew her slight form up erectly and asked, "What are you going to do with me?"

"Going to do with you?" he asked with a quizzical glance. "I am going to reward you when you return my money, by paying off the mortgage on your aunt's farm. You have suffered and repented, besides confessing, and I don't believe you would ever have kept the money anyway. I was going to offer a reward, anyway, for the return of my money, so you need not be afraid to accept it my child," he added as he was about to speak: "You have received a lesson in honesty that you will never forget. Now I shall give you lessons in my best style and you will make a mark in the world and will be a credit to your teacher." And he was right.

BABY MARGARET.

By Maud Baggarley.

*A lily fair of the wild wood,
Touched by the finger of God;
Pure and white, exquisite, sweet,
It sprang from the fragrant sod.*

*Like a ray of living sunshine,
Linking the earth and sky,
A crystalized thought of Father and God,
A messenger from on high.*

*Its mission—love and service;
To bloom at the Master's feet;
To gladden the weary hearts of men;
To make life's way more sweet.*

*O little white flower immortal,
Long may you grow and stand,
Till the angel of God shall pluck you,
Unharm'd by the spoiler's hand.*

September 15, 1908.

The Lucky Number.

(A TRUE STORY.)

By Sarah M. Williams.

"Oh, dear," sighed eight year old Dorothy as she laid the pink dodger down on the table. "I don't see why they had to have the Bazar open today. It's been three days already."

"Why, dearest," said Aunt Ellen, "I thought last week you said you were sorry it wouldn't last longer than five days."

"Yes, but papa says I can't go today and I do want to see the "Butterfly Sale" 'cause I helped make them."

"Well, dearie, you know we've needed you all day to tend the children."

"But Jack went. He didn't have to tend babies. No sir! He's going to be there all day, all five days, too! And so could I if it wasn't for *that baby!*" she finished disgustedly. "He's tending the Soda Water Stand too!"

"Why Dorothy, you said this morning you were the happiest little girl in town because you have a little sister," replied Aunt Ellen.

"We didn't need another baby."

"So you don't want the new sister? Well I guess I'll tell Dr. Ware to take her over to little Elleta Hayes who has neither brothers nor sisters. I'm sure she'd like her for she always wanted one, and as you don't—"

"Well I do!" declared Dorothy, "only I want to go to the Bazar and if mother wasn't sick and if —"

"Dorothy weren't selfish today, and there were no babies to tend, and father had a million dollars,

and what else, daughter?" finished a voice teasingly.

Dorothy turned a flushed face, towards the doorway. Her father's mouth was smiling and his eyes twinkled but she was sure he did not seem so jolly as he looked.

The new baby was crying upstairs. Aunt Ellen started for the door.

"Never mind, Ellen, I'll go. You must be tired."

"But you Gerald?"

"Oh Marge'll expect me up, you know."

"Talking about the Bazar, girly," said Aunt Ellen, stroking Dorothy's hair, "makes me think of one I remember when I was a little girl."

"Tell me about it, Auntie."

"Would you really like to hear it?"

"Oh yes, you're such a good story-teller, Aunt Ellen."

"Well, dear, this is true for you know I said it happened when I was a little girl. Let me see—twenty, yes, twenty-three years ago. I was just three years old then. We were having a bazar—a sort of fair with all kinds of things for sale, and they were selling chances on several things—"

"Why auntie, I thought selling chances was gambling!"

"So it is dear, if wrongly used but at that time the evils had not crept into our city and raffling was not carried on as it sometimes is now. At any rate, we were having chances on a number of things as aprons, dishes, flowers, quilts, flour, etc. I remember the chances on

flour were fifteen cents. I don't remember the other, but flour is going to be an important part of this story, so it doesn't matter, anyway.

"There were some little children, in a house not very far from the Bazar, whose papa had been very ill; in fact, so had their mamma also. The man often played on a violin for amusement, so well that people sometimes asked him to play for them at parties at their homes. Now that he was a little better and yet not strong enough to go to his work, he accepted an offer to play for a dance out in the country about ten miles from his home. It was cold and stormy but he knew there was no money in the house and mamma had made the last spoonful of flour into bread for supper. There would be only a few vegetables some dried corn, and a little dried fruit for breakfast if he did not get some money tonight."

"But auntie, he could have asked the grocery man to charge it, couldn't he?"

"That was something he had never done. He did not want to do it now if he could help it. By and by the oldest boy (he may have been eleven or twelve) said to mother, who was rocking baby sister to sleep.

"Mother, I believe there won't be any dance tonight."

"Why not, Jerry?" she asked.

"I don't know, only it's so stormy; but I'm sure father won't get any money tonight, and you said we haven't any more flour."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, mamma I want to take that fifteen cents I earned after school yesterday and see if I can't win a sack of flour."

"I'm afraid you'll lose, my boy,

then your money will be gone as well as the flour."

"Mamma, I know God will help me if you'll let me go, for I asked Him to. We must have something to eat, and you know father's blessing said we should never lack for bread. May I try?"

"Mamma leaned over suddenly and kissed his bright curls. 'You may try, son, I am not afraid.'"

"Jerry trudged along through the drizzling rain, his head thrust deep in the pocket where the precious money was.

"He did not wait to look about at the beautiful things, but walked straight to the flour booth and spoke to the man in charge.

"Mr. Taylor," he said, 'can you tell me the lucky number on a sack of flour?'

"Why child, how can I tell you that?' asked the astonished keeper.

"Well I only have fifteen cents and—father's gone to play for a dance—'

"Your father gone to play for a dance in this rain! Why it'll be the death of him!"

"We haven't any flour in the house, mother made the last into bread for supper and I wanted to get some.' Jerry's voice faltered as he said it.

"Well Jerry, I'd like to help you to win but I can't be sure—'

"I am."

"How so?"

"Well in father's blessing it says we shall never lack for bread. We haven't anything to make bread. This is a church fair don't you think God will help me? I'm going to win that flour!"

"Well, my boy, the lucky numbers so far have been five and thirteen, I believe. I can't say they'll win tonight, but you can try."

"'Then I'll try number five.' He handed the money over to Mr. Taylor, who saw his lips move silently, and he said to himself 'Father, let him win.'"

"Did he, auntie?"

"Yes, dear, he won the flour. He says, and Mr. Taylor says, it must have been an answer to that prayer."

"And it was an answer straight from God."

Both turned to face papa, "You're surprised to think I know also. Why I've known him all his life."

"Why don't I know him, papa?"

"You do, pet. You see him every day," he laughed and his eyes twinkled mischievously, "Would you like to meet him?"

"Yes, papa, now."

"Am I taking the story out of your mouth, Ellen?"

"No, Jerry, go on." Dorothy's eyes opened wide.

"Jerry! Papa, are you—was—why your name is Gerald, Jerry! Why papa, it was you!"

"Yes, dearest, I was that little boy."

"And you won the flour!"

"Rather, God gave it to me."

"And Aunt Ellen was one of the little girls. It seems so funny to think you were so poor."

"It wasn't funny, dear. It meant hard, hard work all the time, but there is some more to Auntie's story. Finish it, Ellen."

"Only this," continued Aunt Ellen, "that just after your papa—Jerry—came home with the flour his papa came home, wet through, carrying his violin and looking like the world was against him."

"Too bad, Mary," he said, "but they didn't have the dance. I'll have to ask them to trust me for some

flour." He looked so tired and sober and mother kissed his, wrinkled forehead and said cheerily, 'See, John, what Jerry has won at the Fair.'

"Never have I seen father's face light up more brightly. 'And dear,' mother added, 'he said he knew God would help us, it was in your blessing, you know.'"

"'Bless the child, where is he?' cried father joyously, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he caresses him.'"

"Oh, that isn't all, Ellen."

"What more would you want told?"

"Why, don't you remember? Grandfather heard about it and sent Joe—your Uncle Joe Dorry—over next morning and the first thing mother saw was Joe wheeling another sack in grandfather's little cart. One hundred pounds of flour for 30 cents. The Lord was on our side that day, for in less than an hour our other grandfather, who lived in the country, drove into the yard bringing a quarter of beef he had killed. He also had some potatoes, vegetables, and fruit from the farm. There we were with plenty to last us a month or more, (for father was well enough to work before they were all gone) and twenty-four hours before father and mother had not known where the next meal was to come from."

"But why don't God do that now?"

"Because, dear, the Lord only sends assistance when we have done all we can. You see, papa has work and big, strong hands to do it, so others do not need to bring things to help us, but we may now take things to others who cannot work. By the way, I'm going to see Mrs. Burns down at the corner. Wouldn't you like to come with me?"

Dorothy ran to get her wraps. They found the old lady sitting by a table on which were piled some groceries and things from the bazar.

"Wha iver cuid ha' sent them?" she was saying.

"I guess it must have been God," said Dorothy.

"Or else the Lord's gude angel," said Grandma Burns.

Dorothy looked at her father. His eyes were full of merriment. She squeezed his hand and smiled at him.

"Is there anything more we can do for you, Grandma?" asked Mr. Lane, after he had helped to arrange her parcels on the shelves in the pantry.

"Noo, laddie, may the gude Lord bless ye," she said. "He iver kens a gude heart an' willna sune forget it. Gude luck the night—"

"Same to you, grandma, good night."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad you sent them. She's so happy, isn't she," cried Dorothy, as soon as they were outside the door.

When Dorothy went to bed Aunt Ellen waited with the light until she had said her prayers and her papa heard her say sleepily:

"And also dear Father in Heaven bless everybody that is good and make us want to help the poor folks everywhere. I'm glad my papa was Jerry and he didn't forget you helped him, so he wanted to help poor Mrs. Burns and she's glad and says he's got a good heart. Help me to be strong and good like papa. Amen.

"Oh and I forgot. Bless mamma, too, and Aunt Ellen and the boys and my new little sister. Amen."

DO YOUR DUTY.

By Annie Malin.

Do your duty, it is wiser;
To your conscience e'er be true;
For within your soul the knowledge,
Of a task well done, to you
Will bring a holy peace and rest,
Do your duty, that is best.

Do your duty, it is nobler;
Never let your spirit shirk
Any call, whate'er its nature,
That will aid the Father's work.
With all selfish thoughts suppressed
Do your duty, that is best.

Do your duty, it is greater
To subdue the faults of earth,
Thinking not of worldly pleasures,
Working for a holier birth.
Then striving for a home more blest,
Do your duty, that is best.

Written for the Juvenile.

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

WITH THE ARMY OF ZION.

Scene Two.

That was an event in George Ellsworth's life—the arrival of the Prophet Joseph and Parley P. Pratt at his father's home,—and he would not be likely ever to forget it.

He had heard a great deal about these men, particularly the Prophet. It was three years now since the family had joined the Church, and yet he had never seen either of them. Once he had been with his father to Kirtland, but Joseph happened to be in Canada at the time with Sidney Rigdon. George was sorely disappointed, for his only purpose in going there was to see him. Brother Pratt, of course, was in Zion, in Missouri.

And then, too, these high churchmen had come to stay all night. He knew that because it was already almost dusk, and it was hardly probable that they would leave before the next day. Besides, they were to hold a meeting in the schoolhouse at half past seven o'clock.

These men were now at his door, and his father was saying in the highest welcome—

"Come right in, brethren, George'll take care of the horse!"

This, you may be sure, George was glad to do, though he wanted so much to be with the Prophet every minute. The job was done in no time, however, and he was again in the house.

The Prophet had just doused his hands and face in water and was in the act of drying his hands on the large coarse towel. It was new, the

towel was, and the hands would not dry very easily. George found himself really pleased over this fact, though, for the reason that it gave him a good chance to size up the celebrated leader of the Church. Joseph was in his shirt sleeves. What a magnificent figure he was, to be sure! More than six feet tall, and large in proportion, he stood there the finest looking man you would meet in many a day. George wondered if *he* would ever be so big.

"I'll tell you, Sister Ellsworth," Elder Pratt was saying in that easy way he had of telling things, "we came very nearly having an escapade just outside of Orange." And the speaker came from the wash basin toward Joseph and the towel, the water dripping from his clean-shaven face.

"Oh!" Mrs. Ellsworth exclaimed in great alarm. "And what might it be?"

"Nothing very serious, as it turned out, Sister Ellsworth," the Prophet explained.

"But it might have been, Brother Joseph," added Parley, "if it hadn't been for your own feelings."

"Or rather," Joseph corrected, "the whisperings of the Spirit."

"Yes," assented the other, going on presently with the story, "you see it was this way: We were jogging along the road through that strip of woods just north of here, when a man came limping out from the trees, bent over and holding his stomach. He said he was traveling and had suddenly taken sick, and would we mind giving him a ride? I was going to stop and take him in, but Joseph whispered that the

man wasn't sick, any more than we were, and that he was up to some mischief. And that was very true, for we hadn't got more than a rod or two away from the spot when there, right behind us, was this man with three others running like sixty. But they didn't catch us."

Mrs. Ellsworth's alarm increased at this recital. Mr. Ellsworth grunted and said:

"What did they look like?"

The men were described.

"I thought so," Mr. Ellsworth continued. "That's our committee!" He looked at his wife. "You know," he went on turning to the two visitors, "we've got a committee up here to guard the good people of Orange from the poison of Mormonism."

But *they* didn't know, and so he had to explain the situation which I have already explained and which you already know if you have read the tale just before this.

"That means, I suppose, that we're to have trouble at our meeting tonight," said the Prophet with a questioning look in his blue eyes. He turned round from the mirror where he was combing his wavy light brown hair.

"Exactly!" was Mr. Ellsworth's comment. "Maybe we'd better not hold a meeting tonight," he added. "Those fellows are hard to deal with."

The Prophet smiled. "I've been in too many such scenes as this is likely to be, to back out!"

And then he added with another smile. "George here will keep us out of harm, won't you?" He put his hand affectionately on the boy's head.

George's heart was too full for smile. Besides, everybody smiled at his blushing face in such a manner as to make him doubt seriously the meaning of the statement; it

may have meant that George, after all, was only a little boy to be flattered and talked bits of nothing to. But a high resolve welled up in his breast and looked through his eyes, only nobody noticed it, because it is dreadfully hard anyway to read things accurately in the eye, especially when you are not very anxiously looking for anything at all, let alone resolves.

That evening at a little after seven o'clock the two visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth were walking towards the school house not far from their home.

"Why, where's George?" cried Mrs. Ellsworth. "I've been so busy I didn't miss the boy till this minute." And she looked inquiringly at her husband.

But *he* had nothing to say. He returned his wife's alarmed stare and then felt absently in the left-hand pocket of his coat, as if his fifteen-year-old son could have hidden himself away *there*.

"I'll go back home," he said, "and see if I can find him."

And he went, but George was not in any of the three rooms, nor yet in the stable. So he returned to the group of three, who waited for him.

"I guess we'd better go on," he said as soon as he came up. "Very likely he's gone on before us." As if *that* would comfort a mother's heart when she had lost her boy. But Mr. Ellsworth was a man and had been a boy, and Mrs. Ellsworth hadn't—and there you have the difference. Nevertheless, the four walked on.

Mr. Ellsworth was right as to his conjecture concerning George. George was sitting in the school house on the front bench. There were a good many others there, too, men and women and boys. A number of them were members of the

Church, whom Joseph and his companion shook hands with in the warmest kind of way. For the prophet always shook your hand as if he meant it, and he expected you to do the same. But he shook hands with everybody else there, too, that night, and if the truth were known, made some new friends.

The Prophet, Elder Pratt, Mr. Ellsworth, and one other, the president of the branch, took their places on a long bench behind the teacher's table, which was known as the desk. A glass of water stood in the center near a large Bible with pictures in it. George knew there were pictures in it, because he was sure it had come from his own home. The only light came from a large lamp with a shiny reflector around the globe, hanging just above where George sat. If you had looked at it closely, you would have seen a long slender brass thing depending; if you had pulled this down or pushed it up the least little bit you would have thereby decreased or increased the light by ever so much, and if you had pulled it down far enough, would have put out the light altogether. George glanced up every now and then at this lamp and also at a side door, always kept locked and rarely opened, just to his right.

Well, at first, people came straggling in by twos and threes. But just as the branch-president got up to announce the hymn, there entered noisily a crowd of forty or fifty persons, all men and boys, who almost filled up the vacant seats. The members of the Church were sitting mostly in the front, and so these others sat in the rear half of the building.

George could see his father's face assume a look of grimmess. The "committee" had evidently entered

with their following. George did not turn to see. The face of the Prophet did not betray any unusual look, although George felt that he knew who had entered. Elder Pratt's eyebrows lifted just a trifle, and then his face turned towards Joseph, but Joseph did not return the look.

The preliminary exercises over, the Prophet arose to speak. He had scarcely opened his mouth when he was interrupted from the audience.

"That's a lie!" some of the men in the back seats shouted to every assertion he made.

They asked him impertinent questions, and when he ignored them, cried out so scandalously as to drown his voice. Then he had to stop for a moment. And when he began anew, they continued their outrageous interruption, louder and more impudently than ever.

At this point Jake Douglass, a member of the Church and a former wrestler of much local fame, jumped up on the seat, took off his coat, and defiantly strode to the back of the room. Before anyone knew what was up, he had yanked one of the leaders to the door and kicked him out with great violence. Jake was a tremendous fellow in size and temper, but how could he hope to handle a crowd of men more desperate even than himself?

As if this had been precisely what they were waiting for, the rabble immediately hurled themselves from the back seats upon the unsuspected occupants of the front benches. Then there was pandemonium. Women and children screamed, men cursed and swore and yelled, and everybody in the audience broke for some other point than where he sat or stood.

All of a sudden, however, the lamp went out!

Meanwhile, the men behind the "desk" remained as they were, Joseph standing up trying vainly to quell the disturbance. No sooner was the light put out than the Prophet felt some one tugging at his hand and a boyish voice whispered excitedly in his ear—

"Come on with me! I'll see you out safe!"

And Joseph went with him—both out of the side door, which somehow George had managed to open.

"Stay here till I come back," whispered the boy. And immediately added, "Nobody'll hurt you, 'cause they don't know this door'll open!"

And Joseph stayed.

The lad dashed into the room and presently returned with Mrs. Ellsworth. Then he dashed in again, returning this time with Mr. Ellsworth and Elder Pratt. This done, he shut and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. The party was next hurriedly led through a back way to the street from which they returned home by the speediest route.

The whole series of acts had occupied such a brief instant that no one had any time for reflection. There was time only for obedience, seeing there was somebody there, even if he was a boy, who apparently knew what he was about. Besides, Joseph, large and powerful and athletic as he was, would be the last person to balk the efforts of a boy who showed such fine presence of mind and alertness to a new situation as this one had done tonight.

And as, when the party were without the picket fence that enclosed the schoolhouse, the Prophet broke out with—

"Well, George, you certainly deserve a gold medal for this. You'll have to go with us to Zion this spring. You'll make a capital soldier!" He put his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder.

"I'd like to go very much, sir!" George said. He was in the seventh heaven of delight. What could be a greater reward than such words of praise from such a man? He was not sure, though, what the Prophet meant by going to Zion. But whatever the meaning of *that* was, there could be no doubt about his wanting to go with him; and so it was not common earth on which the boy walked the rest of the way.

"You're not going to Zion again, are you?" asked Mr. Ellsworth of Joseph when they were all at home again. He had evidently been thinking of the same thing that had worried the thoughts of George.

"Yes," replied the Prophet. "That's what we came over here for, Brother Pratt and I. It is our intention to collect an army of young and middle-aged men and march to Independence to redeem Zion."

George's eyes fairly popped with joy. He had heard of the things that had been going on in Missouri—the settlement by the Saints in 1831, the happy prospects they had, the blight that had been suffered to come on these prospects, during the last few months, in the expulsion of twelve hundred people from Jackson county, and the efforts that had been made to get back their homes. But he had heard nothing of the movement to organize an army to go and redeem the land. Neither had his father apparently, for Mr. Ellsworth presently inquired further of the Prophet.

"When the Saints were driven

from the county last November," Joseph explained, "the Lord commanded us to appeal to the governor of Missouri, the judges, and the president of the United States. We have done all that, and now we are commanded to raise an army to relieve the Saints and, if possible, to recover the land."

"And how many men do you intend to raise?" asked Mr. Ellsworth.

"Five hundred, if we can," was the reply. "But we won't leave here with fewer than one hundred. Several of the brethren have gone, like us, preaching among the branches of the Churches here and in the East for the purpose of raising men and means to go to Zion."

That night—it was late when they retired—the Prophet and Elder Pratt occupied the best bed, which was the father and mother's, while these two made use of George's, which was not quite so good. To-night he slept on the floor in the kitchen.

It was long, however, before George closed his eyes. Zion's army filled his imagination. He was disappointed, too, and fearful that he should not go, for the Prophet had not repeated his request that the brave and quick-witted boy who had rescued the party from the mob should go with him to Zion. Would Joseph make the matter clear in the morning? he wondered. And with this hope, he fell asleep.

Next morning there was more talk about the army, but not a word concerning George's going along. The boy almost lost heart, for he

knew well enough that his father and mother, especially his mother, would not hear of his joining the Camp of Zion unless Joseph himself promised to act as sponsor in the case. And maybe the Prophet would never call their way again!

The visitors were on the point of getting into the buggy to leave. Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth and George were out by the fence to see them off. They had shaken hands with the two older persons, and the Prophet was holding George's hand in both of his.

"And would you really like to go with me to Missouri?" he asked, bending his blue eyes on the boy.

"Yes, sir!" quickly replied George. But this, he felt, was but a feeble way to tell what was in his heart. The Prophet, though, heard more than the mere words.

"You'll let him go, won't you?" Joseph said this to the parents.

The two looked at each other, each waiting for the other to speak.

"What do you say, mother?" asked Mr. Ellsworth.

George burned up with anxiety for the answer.

"If you'll promise to take care of him, Brother Smith."

"Done!" said the Prophet. "I'll be personally responsible for him."

George could have jumped into the air and yelled out his delight. Only the presence of the Prophet restrained him.

"Then be at New Portage on the sixth of next May, and we'll start for the West," said Joseph.

And the two drove off leaving George in transports of joy.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—St. Paul.



Little Stories.

Dick's Lesson.

By Geneva Evans, Age 11 Years.

Dick lived on a ranch. Most of the boys who lived near him smoked. His mother asked him not to do so. But the boys made fun of him. They told him he was tied to his mother's apron strings. So he ran away with them and smoked where they thought no one could see them.

One day Dick went between the barn and hay stack. Here he was smoking, when his match fell on some loose hay and set it afire. Before he could put it out the barn was on fire. He did not dare to go for help. He had disobeyed his mother. The family had a pet horse tied up in the barn. The horse, barn and hay were burned.

Dick said, "I will not smoke again," and he did not.

Pussy Helps.

For some time past a large maltese cat, which appeared to be an

outcast, has taken up its abode in the barn on Oscar Willard's premises, which are rented by James Rogers. Mr. Rogers keeps a valuable horse in this barn, and for several weeks he has noticed this large cat was on very friendly terms with the horse. It was a common occurrence when he came to the barn mornings to find the cat perched on the horse's back, sound asleep.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Rogers was awakened at an early hour by a noise on the outside of the door, and upon opening it in came the cat. It would not eat a mouthful of anything, and continually pulled at Mr. Rogers' trousers and kept running toward the door. Its strange actions caused Mr. Rogers to go to the barn, headed by the faithful animal. There he found that his horse had been loose in the barn, and, after doing considerable damage, had fallen and become wedged down, and nearly exhausted by efforts to rise. After the horse had been helped to its feet the cat made one leap and was on the horse's

back, purring and acting in every way as if satisfied with its noble deed.

Swans in Nesting Time.

A swan on her nest guarded by her mate is a rather unusual and interesting sight which may be seen on the shore of a little pond that belongs to a charming estate in a little Cape Cod village. During the five weeks' incubation of the eight big blue eggs the mutual care which these two huge birds give the coming family is a most curious and interesting study. The mother bird naturally attends to most of the brooding, but when she wishes to leave the immense elevated nest to feed or stretch her legs for a short time she gives a peculiar cry which the male bird immediately responds to, assuming her place on the nest as soon as she leaves it. During hatching time the mother bird remains on the nest continuously and the male bird brings her food in his bill, laying it on the bank where she can reach it with her long white neck. Not until the last cygnet is out of the shell and well dried off does she venture to move, and then the whole family takes to the water rejoicing.

A Cat's Tricks.

My cat has a very bad habit of scrambling up people's backs. He loves to get up on my back when I am making candy to watch me measure the contents. He loves above all things to get upon the piano when I am practicing and walk very ceremoniously up and down the keys, as much as to hint that my playing was poor.

One evening, a very stately gentleman in a dress suit was walking

down the street and he stopped to tie his shoe lacing, and as I saw my cat approaching his back, I discreetly stepped back and watched from behind the bushes.

The man started to straighten up; but kitten was too quick for him, for, before the man knew what he was doing, my cat was on his back.

The man jumped very unceremoniously and grabbed kittie from his back. He glanced sheepishly around to see if anyone was looking, and proceeded on his way. I glanced across the street and saw a little urchin grinning at me, having witnessed the performance.

Nest-Building Partnership.

Shall I tell you how a pair of orioles took me into partnership with them in nest-building in June? They chose for a site one of the elms in front of the house, and the end of a limb that drooped to a level with my window where I could sit and easily watch the proceedings.

They began the frame work, but strings seemed to be scarce and the foundation grew slowly. I had a full supply of twine, some of which I broke into convenient lengths, and threw over the low-growing shoots of the elm trunk. They watched me closely, and when I got back to the piazza they nodded to me as if to say, "Thank you." In three or four minutes they had carried up to the nest six lengths of twine. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to wind them about the twigs and weave them in and out and shape them. Then I carried out more twine and, in less time than I can tell it, that was also carried up to the nest, and so I continued to supply strings till they had all they needed. Then they felted in the filling without my aid,

and the nest was quickly completed.

The parents have gone to the woods with their little ones, but every day or two the male comes back to the trees and utters a note or two to tell me all is well.

Our Fire Horses.

Chief Spencer of the Chelsea fire department sat chatting with friends in his office the other evening when he abruptly excused himself and called someone by telephone. "I promised to call him at five minutes of nine," he apologized.

"But how did you know that it was five minutes of nine?" asked an observant visitor a few minutes later, after he had satisfied himself that there was no watch or clock in sight.

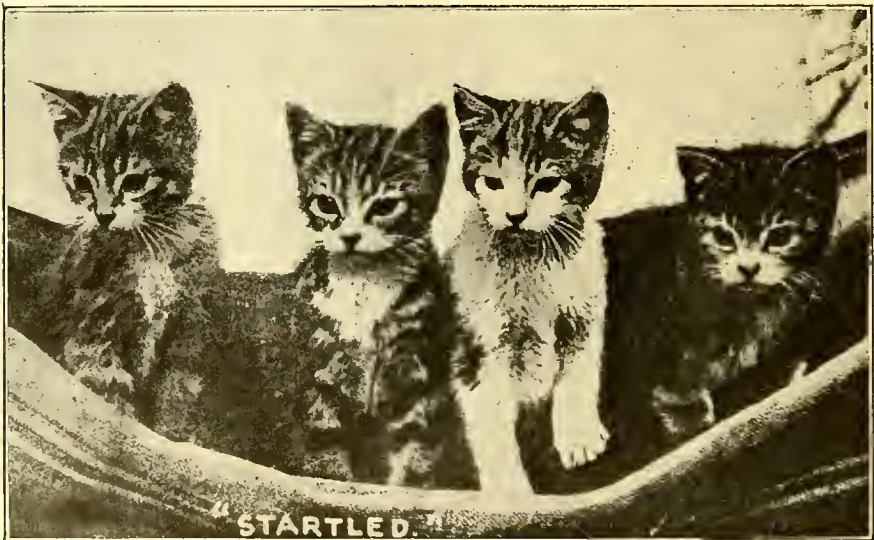
"Why, I heard those horses pawing in their stalls downstairs," replied the chief. "They are very accurate timekeepers."

"You see," explained the chief, "we have a test blow on the fire alarm system every night at just 9

o'clock. The doors of the stalls open automatically, the horses run out and take their respective places under the swinging harnesses of the different pieces of apparatus. They are hitched into the harnesses and then, after this nightly drill is over, they go back into their stalls for the night.

"Every night, just before that alarm strikes at 9 o'clock," continued Chief Spencer, "those horses begin to paw the wooden floors of their stalls. They never vary more than two minutes either way, and almost never more than one minute. I've observed this thing for years. Every horse that enters the fire service does this after he has been here a few weeks.

"How do they tell the time so closely? I give it up. I simply know that they do it—that in some mysterious way they are able to pick out that minute—that almost exact point of time from the 1440 minutes that occur within every twenty-four hours," concluded the chief.



The Old Pine Tree's Story.

By Almeda Perry.

I have stood here so many years that I have forgotten to count them; so many years indeed that I have long been known as the old bare pine by the path to the spring where the cattle and the deer come to drink. The birds on their journey south in the fall, and on their return in the spring; always meet to hold council in my branches, and the deer and the cattle love to crop the tender grass about my base; the squirrels store their winter food in the cavities of my trunk; and though I am old and stripped of my greenness, and tower far above all the other trees in my neighborhood, I am never lonely, for I do not feel myself too lofty to look down with tenderness on the tiniest creature that frisks about in my part of the forest.

My old heart swells with pity when I see any of them in pain. I remember one poor bird with its leg hanging broken and useless, who stopped to rest on my branches, and I could not help hearing the story it told to the other birds. It was a story of two happy birds building a nest among the pink blossoms of an apple tree. He told how they toiled day after day gathering the softest material with which to line the nest; of the joy in their hearts when it was finished; then he told of the two little eggs so smooth and white, and of the little mate who sat so patiently on the nest while he went to gather food. Then he told of the terrible day when he returned to find the little mate lying dead on the ground, the nest torn from its place on the branch, and the two pretty eggs gone. Then as he sat on the branch pouring out his very soul in lamentation for the

loss of his home, the little mate, and the pretty eggs, the same two boys who had destroyed his home threw a rock at him and broke his leg. So he had come far away from the homes of men, hoping to find sympathy among those of his kind. We were all very sorry for him, and I promised him a home among my branches as long as he should care to stay among us.

The cattle which grazed in my neighborhood had stories to tell of the cruel treatment of men. They had great sores burned on their sides, and often cruel cuts in their ears, which they assured me had been done by men. So I began to wonder what kind of animals these creatures called men and boys were, and to hope that some time I might see them, for I am not such an old pine, after all, and would have been green and fresh many years but for the thunder bolt which sered one entire side of my trunk and stripped off some of my branches.

One time a horse wandered up into our mountains, and I asked him about men; he told me he had always found them kind and very considerate. "But, then," said he, "I have the kindest master and mistress in the whole world. They never beat me nor drive me too hard. It is a pleasure to me to obey their slightest wish. Sometimes the children are unkind, but it is only through thoughtlessness, not because their hearts are bad."

"I should like to see people like the ones you live with," I said; and then he told me that I might have the opportunity the following summer, as he had heard the boy who cared for him say his master intended taking a trip in the moun-

tains because of the poor health of the mistress.

I watched for them constantly, and at last they came one beautiful summer day when the sky was blue, flecked with the softest of white clouds, and the breeze sang softly among the trees. I know them by the old white horse who had told me they were coming, but I never knew how many there were of them because their tents were pitched in a grove of young pines some distance from me, and my old eyes were not so keen as they used to be. There were happy-faced little children who ran about singing and chasing the squirrels, laughing in pure delight when the frightened little creatures whisked up and down the tree trunks, and in and out the knot holes. The birds, too, were chased from their quiet retreats among the pine needles. There was a rosy-cheeked maid who watched the children, and I learned to love her at once because she urged the children to be kind to the squirrels and the birds.

Next morning before the family was awake, the birds and squirrels held a council of war. It was not right, they said, to have their native retreat broken in upon in this way. And they passed a resolution to resent the intrusion, the birds to refuse to sing, and the squirrels would hide all day in the tops of the tallest pines. After a few days, however, they came to realize that the children were only playful, not cruel, so the squirrels came out and played at hide-and-seek with the children, and the birds sang their sweetest all day long. Then all went on happily in our forest except that now and then I heard a patient sigh from the young pines whose tender bark was being chafed by the hammock cords.

There was among the party a sweet-faced girl with thoughtful brown eyes, who often walked under my branches with her hands filled with wild flowers, and she talked to the flowers in a sweet, mellow voice. Often she lay in the hammock under the pines, looking up into the soft blue sky. Sometimes she told the children wonderful stories of trees, squirrels, birds, flowers; and I always noted that they became kinder and more tender toward the things of the forest after listening to her stories. Sometimes the sweet-faced girl brought her needle work and sat on the "Old Grumbler" until the children came to drag her away to help them in their play. I often wondered what "Old Grumbler" would have said if he had known about it. Would the sweet-faced girl have been the one thing in the world to please him, or would he have grumbled as he always did.

"Old Grumbler" was my nearest neighbor in my youth, before all these young pines grew up about us. We were about the same age, but of different dispositions, for when I said the sunlight was fair, the summer breeze delightful, he would complain that the saucy sun stared him out of countenance, and the breeze tossed his branches until they ached. And when I spread my branches out, glorying in their grace and regularity of growth, he grumbled that a particular branch had not grown on the other side that it might shade him from that brazen sun as it came up over the tall pine ridge in the morning. He growled and grumbled continually, so that as he grew up his branches were gnarled and crooked, and every fiber of his being was twisted and distorted.

All the pines about disliked him, and dreaded the sound of his disagreeable voice. Then there came a day when we heard his grumbling no more, for the bolt which robbed me of my youth and freshness struck him to the heart and silenced him forever. A few days later, a strong wind from the west blew him over, and there he lies to this day with all his twisted, distorted fibers exposed to tell the story of his discontent.

After the death of "Old Grumbler" all was peace and quiet in our wood until the coming of the master of the old white horse, and his party. Then our glade resounded from sunrise to sunset with the merry voices of children and the song of the little rosy-cheeked maid as she watched the children during their play or as she did the family washing down by the spring. After she had finished washing she dressed my bare limbs in spotless white garments she had cleansed at the spring, and it made me feel quite like one of the party; I felt proud, too, that the old bare pine was chosen in preference to the younger, fairer trees. Often as she hung my branches with shimmering whiteness I saw a tear in her bright blue eye, and she sang sweetly in a tongue not like that spoken by the children and the sweet-faced girl.

One day I heard the little maid telling the children of her beautiful home in far-away Germany, and again I saw a tear in her eye as she told them how she loved the Fatherland, and how sad it made her to be so far away from the place where she was born. I have never known any home but this one, here in the midst of the forest, so I cannot think what life would be like in any other place, but I was sorry for the

little maid because she seemed so sad.

After our guests had been in the Forest several days a little incident happened which made me very glad indeed that I had come to know these people, for it showed me that their hearts were kind. The children while playing about under the trees found a little dead squirrel; they picked it up tenderly and carried it to the sweet-faced girl who sat on "Old Grumbler" sewing.

"Poor little squirrel," said they. "What shall we do with it? May we have a funeral and bury it?"

"I think that would be just the thing to do," answered the sweet-faced girl.

So the children wrapped the squirrel carefully in mullein leaves, laid it on the ground and made a wreath of flowers around it. Then they all sat on the ground around the squirrel and sang. After this they dug a little hole, lined it with leaves, and put the squirrel in, covering it with flowers, and then with earth. Afterward they ran away to their play again.

Long after the children had gone away the sweet-faced girl sat on "Old Grumbler" holding in her hand a bunch of mountain daisies which the children had brought her, and as the twilight stole into our glade I heard her talking to the flowers she held. "Dear little blossoms," she said, "you remind me of days now gone, when he whom I love was with me. Oh, I am so unhappy now, dear daisies, for he has gone far away. I was cruel, daisies, and unkind, so he went away, and I shall never see him again. All the long sad days will drag themselves away, but he will never come again and whisper in the twilight words I long to hear." And then her sigh

was echoed by the melancholy breeze, and carried from tree to tree. I was sorry to see her unhappy, because she had been so kind to the things of the forest, and I wished the daisies or the breeze would carry a message to him, telling him she was sad because he had gone away.

Just then I heard the tramp of a horse's feet. The sound came nearer, and then the horse was stopped abruptly as the rider saw the girl sitting on "Old Grumbler," with her face buried in the flowers. He dismounted and walked softly over the pine needles until he stood behind her. "I was cruel, daisies," she said, "and now I shall never see him again, but I love him, I love him."

The young man's face glowed with a happy light, and he said, "Sweetheart, I have come back, will you let me stay?"

With a little cry she sprang up, dropping all her daisies, then she swayed lightly as a young pine in a strong breeze, and he reached over "Old Grumbler" and caught her in his arms. I closed my eyes then and went to sleep, for I knew they were happy. I awakened after the moon

had risen and was shedding her glorious light over all our mountain, and there on "Old Grumbler" sat the happy young people, talking in joyous voices of the years to come. My old heart was warmed, and I felt almost young again.

The next day they all left our forest, and it has seemed lonely since. The young pines say I am old and foolish, that I would feel far different if I had young bark to be bruised by hammock cords. It is true I am old, and the next wind that comes from the west may stretch me by the side of "Old Grumbler," dead. But my remaining days have been made brighter by the visit of the kind-hearted little maid, the merry, though tender-hearted children, the sweet-faced girl, and the tall young man who was so like a graceful pine in his proud, upright bearing.

After summing it all up I have concluded that people are much like trees: some are happy, kind-hearted, and contented; others are discontented and unkind, until like "Old Grumbler," the very fibers of their beings become twisted and warped.

Just a Little Kindness.

By Florence Whaley.

*Just a little deed of kindness,
As you pass o'er life's dark way,
Helping those who grope in blindness,
To be stronger day by day.*

*Just a word of kindly greeting,
Teaching others all the while,
Though life's sorrows seem increasing,
Not to worry but to smile.*

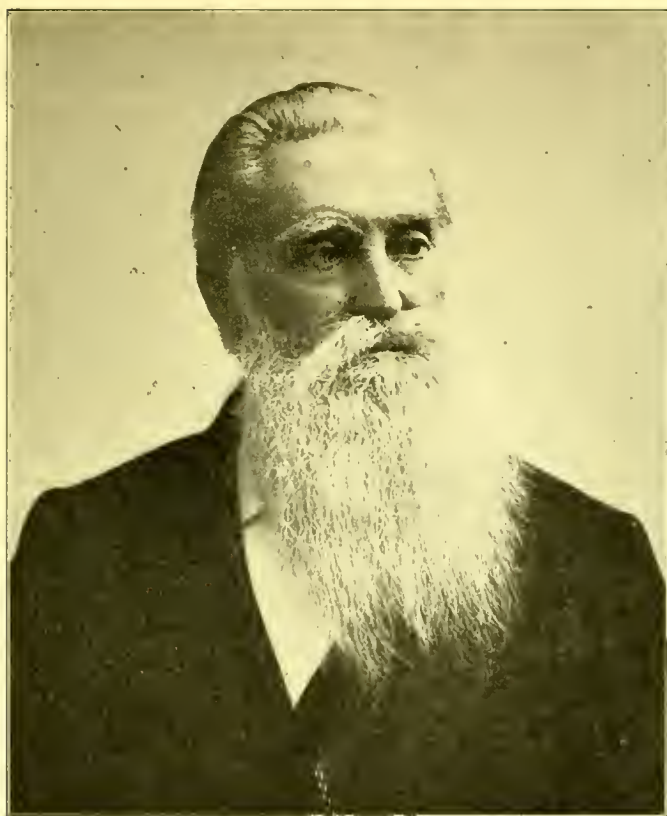
*Just to lend a hand to others,
Striving earnestly to be*

Written for the Juvenile.

*Lessening another's troubles,
Till a brighter path they see.*

*Just a thought of what's your duty,
In this sphere of sin and strife,
Let a flood of tender beauty,
Well adorn this mortal life.*

*Strive to make your own life better,
While each moment here below,
You may keep another's brighter,
If a kindness you bestow.*



The Sixth Presiding Patriarch.

By J. P.

Do you know what a Patriarch is? Have you ever received a patriarchal blessing?

A patriarch is the father of a family. Your own father stands at the head of his family and is a patriarch. He may, therefore, bless you, and give you patriarchal promises. So may any other father in all the land of Israel.

But a Patriarch in the Church is quite different from the father of a family. The Patriarch is the head of his own family, to be sure; but because of his peculiar calling, he is something more, too. He is

a man who is appointed in the Holy Priesthood to stand in the place of father to all those who are fatherless, and to those whose fathers are not in the Church. To all these the Church Patriarch may give a father's blessing. Then, he may bless others, too. Even if our own fathers are alive, we like to get a blessing from the Church Patriarch, because he has been set apart for his calling.

Do you remember the old, gray-haired gentleman who sat by the bishop in meeting last Sunday? He is a patriarch. He is appointed and

set apart to act as a patriarch in your stake; but he may not act without permission elsewhere. For you must know that there are patriarchs appointed for every stake in Zion. Then there is a Patriarch for the Church. He is called the Presiding Patriarch; he may give blessings to the Saints in any part of the Church.

Now, the first Presiding Patriarch of the Church was Joseph Smith Senior, the father of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He was ordained to this holy calling, Dec. 18, 1833. When the patriarch, Joseph Smith died, he was succeeded by his eldest living son, Hyrum Smith, the father of President Joseph F. Smith. Hyrum Smith was succeeded, after his martyrdom, by his brother William Smith. William was succeeded by Asahel Smith, a brother of Joseph Smith, sen; and Asahel was succeeded by John Smith, another brother of Joseph Smith, sen. And Uncle John Smith, as he was called was succeeded by John Smith, the eldest son of Hyrum Smith. The Patriarchal Priesthood is the only calling in the Church that descends directly from father to son. The office was John's therefore, by virtue of his descent.

Elder John Smith, then, is the Presiding Patriarch of the Church today. He is the sixth Presiding Patriarch, as his brother President Joseph F. Smith is the sixth President of the Church. John Smith was born in Kirtland, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1832. On the twenty-second of this month he will celebrate the anniversary of his birthday. Can you tell how old he will be then?

During his long life, Patriarch John Smith has passed through very many trying experiences. In

1838, when he was only six years old, he was driven out of Missouri with the Saints. The winter was bitter cold, and provisions were scarce. Little John suffered very much from cold and hunger that year. From Missouri, John and his father's family went to Illinois; and when Hyrum Smith was released from Liberty jail, he took his family to Commerce, or Nauvoo, as it was afterwards called. There Little John fared comparatively well until his father, and his uncle Joseph, the Prophet, were ruthlessly murdered by a wicked mob. That happened on June 27, 1844.

From that time on life became much harder for Little John. He was only about eleven years old, yet he had to begin to do man's work. When he was fourteen years old—that was in February, 1847—John started west with Heber C. Kimball's family. There he had to do the work of a man. He drove team, herded cattle and horses, and drove loose cattle over the trail. And this, too, he did in all kinds of weather. Once the storm was so terrific, that John and Heber C. Kimball, though they were on horses, and all their stock, were driven for more than a mile before the tempest. In such weather, now-a-days, little boys are not allowed to venture even out into the yard.

In the early part of September, when Brother Kimball's family was located at Winter Quarters, John heard that his father's family was on the road westward from Nauvoo. Together with the rest of the Saints they had been compelled to leave the City Beautiful. When John received this news, he turned back immediately to meet his brothers and sisters. It was one hundred-fifty miles back over the plains.

But John traveled them cheerfully, met his loved ones, and conducted them safely to Winter Quarters. There they remained two winters. John built a log house, made fences, tilled the soil, made hay, and helped garner the harvest. It was man's work; and he was the only man in the family old enough to work. He was fifteen years old.

In April, 1848, John's family started for the valley of the Great Salt Lake. John drove a team made up of wild steers, cows, and oxen, with two wagons tied together. It was a long and wearisome journey. There were many difficulties to overcome; many accidents to repair; and great responsibility to act as the old *man* in the family. But John did it all, and performed his part manfully. At night, he stood guard with the men. In the day, he carried water, herded cows, assisted in doubling teams up hills, and over bad places.

John was always quick in action and fearless. About sundown, one day, it was reported that a woman was lost. The company with which John was traveling was encamped on the Platte river. Without hesitation, John seized his coat and a piece of corn-bread, and started after a company that had left about noon. Soon he reached a dead carcass surrounded by hungry wolves, howling and fighting. John hurried by as quickly and as quietly as he could. For the next six miles, he passed about twenty such dreadful sights; but always, he succeeded in passing the maddened wolves unnoticed. After

some time, he overtook some wagons, and rested for the night. The next morning early, however, he started again on his journey. Just after sunrise, he found the lost woman with her mother, six miles from where he had rested for the night.

On his sixteenth birthday, John came very near to the Great Salt Lake. On that day—it was September 22, 1848—he drove five wagons down the "Big Mountain" just east of Salt Lake City. Darkness had fallen long before he reached camp with the last wagon. Once the wheel of his wagon ran into a tree about fifteen inches in diameter. John had to lie on his back and chop down the tree, before he could continue on his way. John was equal to the difficulty, however. He made camp safely with all five wagons. And the next day he entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Since then John has been kept busy at home and abroad. He has served in the Battalion of Life Guards; has provided for a large family left on his hands; has served a successful mission to Scandinavia; and has been a blessing to thousands. John Smith was ordained to be Presiding Patriarch of the Church, February 18, 1855. He is a grand old man; a noble veteran; an inspired Patriarch; a man to whom the children of Zion may look with pride and thanksgiving.

On the twentysecond of September Patriarch John Smith will be how old?

We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.—*Sixth Article of Faith.*

Children of the Mill.

• THE PIRATES.

Have you ever seen a water-power mill and watched the big wheel turn round and round? What a pretty sight it is to see the water dash from one paddle of the wheel to another and break into fine, white spray.

The wheel at the Thomas mill was a very large one, and the mill-race which carried the water to the wheel was wide and deep.

Bob and Sam had a raft on the mill-race, which they used to push about with long poles. Sometimes they would play they were shipwrecked and were in mid-ocean, on their raft, and sometimes they would play they were pirates, then they would hoist a black flag with skull and cross bones drawn on it with white chalk.

One day they had some friends up from the city—two boys about the age of Sam and Bob. They were Harry and Fred Hill.

"Let's play pirates," said Sam. "We'll roll two logs into the race and play they're government boats after the pirates."

"All right," answered the other three, and soon two large logs were floataing in the race. To ride the logs, a boy stood on one and pushed with a long pole, the same as on the raft. But it was much harder to ride logs, because the boy must keep perfect balance or his log would turn over, throwing him into the water.

"Do you think you can ride a log, Fred?" asked Sam of his visitor.

"Let me try before we start to play," Fred answered.

"Take off your boots and stockings," said Bob. "You can stay on

lots easier, I'm going to take mine off."

Fred, who was just Bob's age, ten years, was soon on a log pushing it up the race. He did so well that the boys decided to start to play at once.

Sam and Harry, the two older boys, were to take the raft and be pirates. Bob and Fred were to be the officers. The raft was harder to push and went more slowly through the water than the logs. So the boys were about evenly divided as to speed and strength.

The "pirates" hoisted their black flag and sailed up to the head of the race. Next they turned back and played they were robbing a ship when the "officers" came after them. Then there was a lively chase. The "pirates" pushed with their long poles with all their might in order to reach the head of the race before the "officers" came alongside. For when the "officers" came alongside and jumped on the raft, the "pirates" were captured.

The boys shouted so loud that the girls came up to see what they were doing.

The "pirates" had been caught once and had escaped once.

"This time tells the tale," said Sam. "Whoever wins will be the best seamen."

Down came the "pirates" to capture the imaginary ship. Out shot the boats of the "officers," and an exciting race began. The girls shouted, "Hurry, Bob! Hurry, Fred!" and clapped their hands.

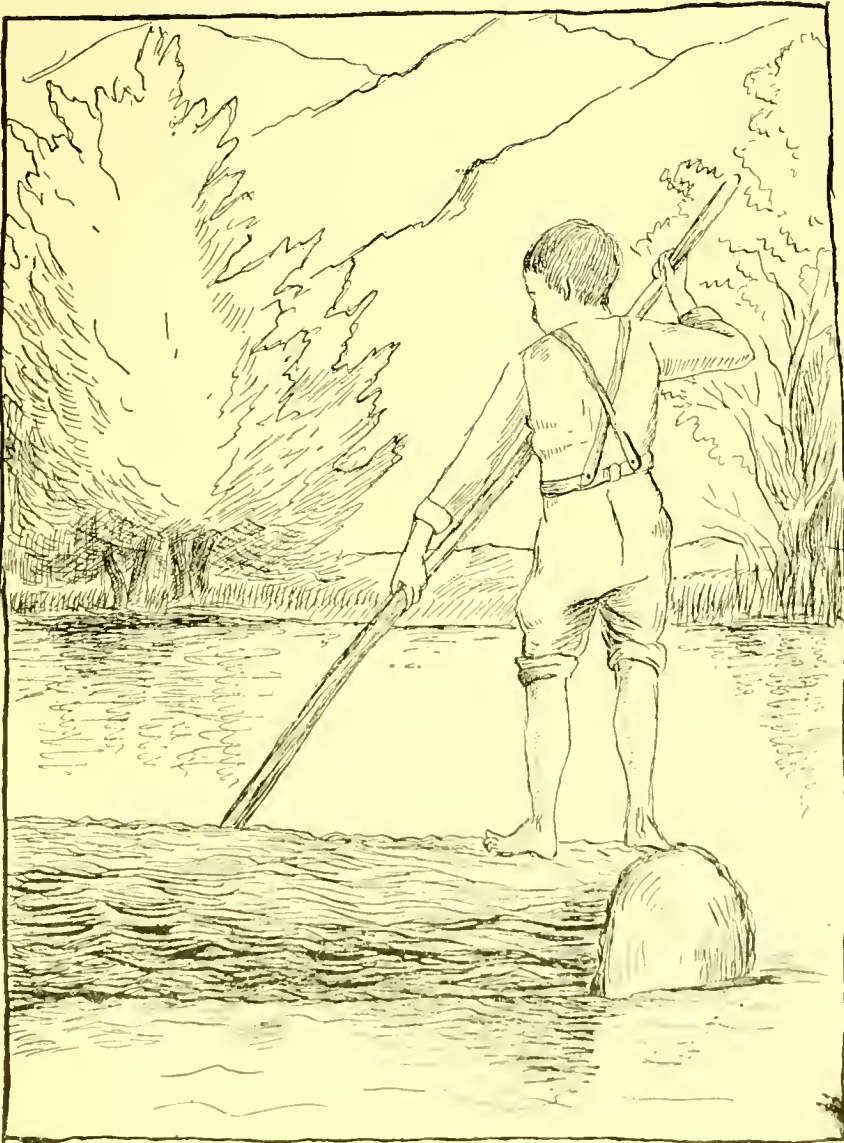
As they got to the deepest part of the stream near its head, Bob caught up with the raft and jumped from his log on to it.

The girls were screaming, but the

boys were so absorbed in their play that they didn't stop to listen.

Bob looked around to see where Fred was, but Fred's log was empty. Just then Fred's head came above the water and he made a desperate effort to get hold of the log, but it only rolled over in the water and

Fred sank again. In a flash Bob was in the water, swimming to Fred. As he came up the second time Bob grasped his collar, holding his head above the water until Sam and Harry came with the raft, which they did as swiftly as possible.



In the meantime, while the other girls stood screaming, Beth ran to the house for help. By the time the boys reached the shore with Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Fred's mother were there. They worked over Fred, and in a short time had him conscious again. Mr. Thomas carried him to the house. Then they wrapped him in blankets and administered to him, and it was not

long before he felt all right again.

Meanwhile Bob changed his clothes. When he came out, Fred's mother tried to thank him for his quickness and bravery in helping Fred, which made Bob feel like running off and hiding. But when Mr. Thomas put his hand on Bob's head and said, "God bless my brave son!" he felt happy indeed.

LOVING AND HELPING.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

Old maxims, trite enough, still mind us, right enough,
When they are sounded with true, honest ring;
Then, through these latter days, Sabbaths or Saturdays,
"Love one another!" let every one sing.

Whate'er we've heard of one, speak a good word of one,
As the kind angels will do for us all;
Else there could none of us gain what each one of us
Hopes to receive at the great, final call.

From every walk in life, banish all greed and strife,
Kindness and cheerfulness be the one creed;
Hearts are made light and strong, by the glad voice of song,
"Help one another!" in words and in deed.

Sister and brother, then, bless one another, then;
Living and helping we ever ascend
Up from the lowly deeps on to the topmost steeps,
Each greeting each as a neighbor and friend.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1909

President George Reynolds.

On August twelfth, the remains of President George Reynolds were laid to rest in the Salt Lake City cemetery. The funeral service was held in the morning at Barratt Hall.

There can be no question but that all those who were present at the service were impressed with the beautiful spirit of peace and rest that pervaded the assembly, and the sincere expressions of love and honor made by the speakers. President George Reynolds was one of

the rare men of the earth. He was a choice spirit, devoted to the work of God, above—far above—the sordid things of earth.

George Reynolds was a highly gifted man withal. Not only was he thoroughly informed on all points of doctrine and Church practice, but he was endowed with superior literary gifts. His contributions to Church literature are among the most notable productions of our religious press. Some of the work President Reynolds has done is definitive: it will never need to be done again. Among the most noteworthy of President Reynolds's works are "The Myth of the Manuscript Found;" "Are We of Israel?" "Dictionary of the Book of Mormon;" "Story of the Book of Mormon;" the scholarly treatise on the Book of Abraham; and the monumental "Concordance of the Book of Mormon." The last named work is truly a monument to President Reynolds's persevering, indefatigable energy. To its production he devoted ten long, laborful years of his life, not counting the many years before that made it possible to undertake the work. The Book of Mormon Concordance is a work of some 851 octavo pages. There are more than 70,000 references to passages in the Book of Mormon. The only other work comparable to it is Cruden's Complete Concordance to the Bible.

By his friends, President Reynolds is described as a most modest and humble man. Like Moses of old, he was very meek, above all the men upon the face of the earth. To the stranger he may possibly have appeared austere; but in truth his

heart was kindness itself. He was thoroughly informed on all conceivable subjects. His intimate friends spoke of him as an open history of the world. Yet in council with his brethren, or while imparting information to those who sought him, President Reynolds was unassuming and meek. Indeed, one of the most remarkable qualities of this great, good man was his humility.

Always President George Reynolds was a worker. He knew but little of rest, and nothing at all of idleness. If he had a fault, it was that he accepted too much work. He wore himself out too soon. But through the long and strenuous life he was faithful to the end. Neither work nor worry caused him to swerve in the least from his path. He fulfilled a great mission. No more can be done by man than was done by President George Reynolds.

Now Brother Reynolds is gone. The great Sunday School cause will miss him. All who knew him, love him for his virtues—for his spotless honor—for the beautiful example he has set. And we shall remember President George Reynolds. His is one of those characters that grow, and become more profoundly appreciated, when their possessors are passed. We thank God for the life and work of this good man. May we now be able to emulate him, and to follow where he has led.

Notes.

This is a day for parents as well as for children. More attention is paid today to the noble science of parenthood than ever before. Books are being produced in great number to give to parents the benefits of the most recent investigations in every science that bears on the responsibility of fathers and moth-

ers. One good book of this kind is entitled "Mind in the Making," by Professor Edgar James Swift of the Washington University, Saint Louis. The book contains such chapters as these: Standards of Human Power; Criminal Tendencies of Boys; Their Cause and Function; the Psychology of Learning, and so forth. We feel that we can recommend this book to parents who are interested in such subjects. The book sells for \$1.50 net.

The Deseret Union Sunday School Book Store has just received a large supply of miscellaneous children's books. There are all kinds from fairy tales, and stories of adventure to serious moral tales. The prices, too, are of all kinds, from fifty cents to two dollars. There is no better place in Utah than the Deseret Sunday School Book Store to buy books for the children and for the boys and the girls. Write to us.

We are pleased to announce that we have secured all rights to the little story-book "Black Gipsy." We have on hand several copies of the twenty-five cent edition. We are also working on a new cloth-bound edition. This edition will be handsomely illustrated.

"A Little Volume of Great Truths." This is the title of a little booklet from the writings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and published by William A. Morton. It treats of no less than twenty-one important subjects, and sheds a great deal of light upon them. It will be highly prized by our missionaries. For a full description of the little volume see advertisement in this number. It is for sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, price 10c, post-paid.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Sunday Entertainment.

[The following letter has been received by a member of the General Board. It is so full of good suggestions that we take pleasure in presenting it to JUVENILE readers.—Ed.]

Dear Brother: In answer to your request that I write you concerning children's exercises on the Sabbath day, I will say that I am very much in favor of giving children quiet exercises, or even games. Too many parents are in the habit of saying, "Now sit down and be quiet." I think that is almost impossible for children to do unless they are given something to keep themselves busy with.

I heard a gentleman say to some children who were playing out on Sabbath evening, "Now, children, don't you know that this is wrong. You should not be playing such games on Sunday, you should be at home reading your Bibles." How impracticable. Just as if children eight or nine years old could read the Bible and understand it. I doubt if many that age could read the words, much less get their meaning.

There are parents who keep the large Bible, with those beautifully colored pictures, hidden up on a high shelf of the bookcase and there are others who let the children handle the Bible carelessly every day. It seems to me as though it would be well to let them understand that on Sunday afternoon they might look at all these pictures and possibly hear stories about some of them. In a short time the children will long for Sunday afternoon to come,

because there are few things most children like to do more than look at pictures.

I think it perfectly proper for them to dramatize stories and play such games as the frog game suggested in *Children's Friend*. There is a little observation game that may be played also. The children select a bright colored object, or an oddly shaped object. Then one leaves the room while another one places it somewhere in the room. It must not be hidden from view, however. The first person returns to see if he can see the object before the rest of the children can count ten or twenty.

If the children are given paper and pencils they will be pleased to draw pictures of trees, barns, etc. I do not think there is any harm in letting them do scissors cutting. They could be given an old "fashion sheet" with pictures of men, women and children on it. They could cut them out and paste them on another paper to represent people going to church, etc. They could cut the meeting-house with its windows and doors and paste it on paper. There are many other things that could also be cut freehand. The children would be delighted to represent different churches and the walks leading up to them with their building blocks.

Of course, care should be taken of these materials. The children can learn that very easily.

Hoping that these few suggestions will be in accordance with your views on the subject, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Marion A. Belnap.

Parents' Department.

"HAPPINESS."

*Written for the Parents' Department,
Fourth Ward Sunday
School, Ogden, Utah, by
Lettie C. Malan.*

"Oh, happiness! our being's end
and aim;
Good, pleasure, ease, content,
what'er thy name;
That something still which prompts
th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare
to die."—Pope.

Happiness is possessing or enjoying pleasure, contentment or peace of mind in doing right. We all seek happiness, it is our greatest aim in life. We are all working for it. Some may desire one thing, some another, to bring about the desired end; but how often we are defeated in our attempts to be cheerful and happy, because we play too much and work too hard in trying to collect the materials for enjoyment, that they can give us little pleasure when they are collected. It doesn't take much to make children contented and happy in their own home provided parents take the lead, in simple habits, gentle manners and cheerful dispositions. It takes but very little to make grown people happy, or love their homes, provided they look for its greatest charm in themselves and not in things that can be bought. The rare and costly ornaments of our homes afford very little pleasure, compared with the worry they bring. It may flatter our pride to be able to have, but our peace and comfort and joy must come from the most simple and common blessings of life, and the first lesson to learn to gain hap-

piness is to be content with simple and common things and be thankful to our Heavenly Father for the blessings He has given us, instead of envying those who may be blessed with riches. For it is not wealth that brings happiness. It may in a measure contribute to happiness, but we all know that the poorer people, as a rule, are far happier than the rich. There is many an aching heart behind a smiling face. The farther you go from the every day paths of life, in search of happiness, the less likely you are to find it. A thankful heart makes the best dinner, a pleasant voice is the sweetest music, a kind look the most beautiful picture.

There are things that all can command. They can be had for the humblest home, without money or without price, just a little effort, and oh, how much they contribute to our happiness. If one makes the happiness of the family depend upon things rare and costly, they will only multiply wants without improving their capacity to supply them. If one's necessities increase faster than one's resources, no matter how much money one may have one will always be poor. To be happy with much or little, we must learn to be content with such things as we have. The enjoyment of life does not depend upon the amount of possessions or the measure of worldly success, but upon the disposition to receive everything with thankfulness and give everything with love.

The more simple the order of our domestic life the better and happier it will be. Let there be no idle hands, no wasted hours and then there will be time for everything and no one will be exhausted with weariness.

The peace and happiness of the family must not depend upon having too many things done or too many hands to do it. Neatness and order are excellent virtues in a family but they may be carried to such an excess as to be a daily torment to everybody in the house. Some excellent people spend the best of thier days in keeping a few articles of furniture arranged with painful propriety, and in sweeping and scouring a few particles of dust from every resting place in the house. It will more than likely develop an opposite tendency in the children of such parents, as well as mar their happiness.

True happiness comes as a reward for good action and right living. How can we expect to be happy without doing right to our fellow men, that we may have a clear conscience, without which one can never be happy no matter where our lot may be cast we can never deceive our own conscience.

It is surprising what a great influence happiness has upon a person. It is written upon their very countenance and stamped in every action. Notice the action of one who is happy and one who is not, what a difference.

Colten says: "Happiness is that single and glorious thing, which is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe, and where she is not, it were better that nothing should be. Witnout her, wisdom is but a shadow, and virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress."

We must obey the laws of God and nature to enjoy happiness, and to gain that eternal joy and happiness, for which we as Latter-day Saints are striving.

I think as a whole the Latter-day Saints are the happiest people on

the face of the earth. Why? Not because they possess worldly riches, not because they are honored by men. No; quite the contrary, because they are striving to gain that eternal happiness that awaits the rightoeus, and they have the happy thought that this mortal career is but a dream compared with the endless eternity.

The ornaments which make the lowliest dwelling beautiful and the poorest family rich are kind looks, gentle manners, pleasant voices, cheerful hearts and simple affections.

Seek your happiness now, from the grateful improvement of present blessings and a cheerful submission to present trials, and then whatever the future may bring it will find you the possessor of happiness, and not slow to believe that our Heavenly Father loves to see His children happy.

Eat not the bread of cares and sorrows but receive gratefully what our Father gives and rejoice for His blessings.

"They who be happy, righteousness must pursue.

Those who seek its realms know what they must do."

If we could only bear in mind the beautiful words of the following song, "Providence Is Over All," I think it would be much easier to be happy:

"When dark and drear the skies appear

And doubt and dread would thee enthrall

Look up nor fear, the day is near

And providence is over all.

From Heaven above, His light and love,

Our utmost need is oft decreed,

And providence is over all."

Theological Department.

DEBATE.

One of the first lessons to be learned in life is that progress in any subject depends upon the proper mental attitude. This is particularly true of those branches of knowledge which concern man, his nature, duties and destiny. We must first be in earnest. By this I mean that we must have a compelling desire to reach the ultimate truth. Moreover, we must be courageous. However much attached we may be to certain theories of life and religion, we must abandon them when reason and authority establish the facts to be other than we had previously believed.

Where teachers and students pursue a course of study with this spirit and point of view, great intellectual and spiritual growth will follow. When once the proper purpose is obtained, methods and procedure both of study and class exercises will naturally follow. The vice of contentious debate, so common in considering religious questions, will give way to calm and reverent discussion.

The difference between debate and discussion is more easily felt than explained, but there are some characteristics which clearly differentiate them. The one has an atmosphere of rivalry and a spirit of contention; the other has a calm, sweet, cordial and lofty feeling. Debate nettles and irritates, while discussion uplifts and lightens. Debaters unconsciously, or consciously, are partial, arbitrary and narrow; in the effort to establish a point, all the arts of concealment and exaggeration are employed. In this way the subject is often confused and distorted. On the other

hand, discussion, while earnest, is unimpassioned; it is calm and thoughtful. In its results it differs greatly from debate because it clears and explains and makes more beautiful the truth.

Discussion invites a friendly exchange of ideas and assists in reaching sound conclusions. Those of you who are familiar with class exercises in universities will remember at once the absence of debate and the prevalence of free and easy discussion. The teacher and students give and take; each is willing to learn from the other and welcomes new and apt suggestions and observations. A beginner soon learns that his views will receive sympathetic consideration, and accordingly free expression is obtained from even the most sensitive. An arbitrary and contentious attitude such as characterizes debate is looked upon as in bad form, whether it be met in the class room, in public places or in the more intimate gatherings of the home.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the difference in effect of debate and discussion is very marked. Debate closes the minds of those who take part to the other side of the question under consideration; it makes people unfair, and unfortunately it gives rise to feelings of unkindness upon the one hand and improper elation on the other. The participants meet as opponents, not as friends and assistants in the search of truth. The one who prevails is puffed up in a measure, yet he cherishes a secret dislike for the other because of the feeling that there is not complete surrender. The less artful smarts under the sense of defeat and thinks that the other is narrow and ignorant and unfair.

Wholesome and intelligent discussion sets the better faculties in motion. All venture their views with the assurance that they will not be ridiculed or belittled. Each contributes what he can and drinks with relish from the cool and refreshing stream of ideas. A Sunday School class becomes a unit in spirit for the one purpose of enlightening and uplifting. Gratitude swells in the heart of the student because of the sympathetic interest of the teacher; and the teacher avoiding all tendency to exhibit his or her learning to the student in a spirit of pride, labors solely to stimulate and improve.

The impropriety of debate in the study of religion will be manifested upon a moment's reflection. All assemble in religious gatherings for the purpose of being strengthened in their faith and informed concerning matters of grave importance. They expect, and properly so, that those who take part will be perfectly honest. They cannot and will not respect either the teacher or members of the class if they see a tendency to sidestep, or to avoid the full force, of anything which has been said. Moreover, they know full well that Sunday School is not designed to develop skill in debate. They come to learn the truth, not to acquire skill in marshalling facts and to learn the tricks of the special pleader. Such practices in politics and business may be tolerated but not in a Church of the Most High.

Debate is especially pernicious because of the disgraceful use which is made of the Bible and other Church works. The Scripture is a book to be reverently and prayerfully studied and not an arsenal from which to obtain quotations to shoot at the enemy. And I invite

your attention to the result in our own Church. Anyone who will take the trouble to study carefully some of the Bible passages currently used to prove certain doctrines will find them grossly misused, and their meaning distorted. This is an evil which all should endeavor to correct.

An important consideration for teachers is the question of attendance. Every legitimate effort should be made to interest people in Sunday School work. But we will meet failure where class exercises are allowed to degenerate into a scramble between a few obstinate members. In this way the exercises cease to be as instructive or attractive as they might be. Time must not be wasted on immaterial and irrelevant subjects. If time is squandered in this way, or if there is not the lofty spirit of harmony which should characterize religious gatherings it will be said, and with perfect propriety, that a half day can be better expended with good books or amid the soft and charming influence of nature.

I have already sought to show that debate is improper because of the sacredness of religion. It kills the spirit which is the soul of religion. People do not talk glibly about matters affecting the destiny of man, his purpose, and relationship to God. When their full significance is felt conclusions are only accepted after calm and thoughtful consideration.

You may inquire whether it is contended that mere differences in opinion should not be expressed? We would reply with an emphatic "no." We do in fact all differ in some measure in our opinions. On the character of men and women,

the proper course in life, the value of success and failure, and a thousand other questions, we differ much in the details. We have our favorites and preferences, and fortunately so, otherwise life would be tiresome and inane. It makes us fairly tingle to meet others with enthusiasm quite unknown to us. In this way we come to appreciate the richness and breadth of life. But we may all differ somewhat in tastes and views, and still graciously and generously recognize the fact.

Somewhere Robert Louis Stevenson says: "There is a certain attitude, combative at once and deferential, eager to fight, yet most averse to quarrel, which makes at once the talkable man. It is not eloquence, not fairness, not obstinacy, but a certain proportion of all of these that I love to encounter in my amiable adversaries. They must not be pontiffs holding doctrine, but huntsmen questing after elements of truth. Neither must they be boys to be instructed, but fellow teachers with whom I may wrangle and agree upon equal terms. We must reach some solution, some shadow of consent; for without that my talk becomes a torture. But we do not wish to reach it quickly or cheaply, or without the tussle and effort wherein pleasure lies."

Such is Stevenson's choice of a companion in conversation. Such would perhaps be our choice of a conversationalist, and much of what he says may well be applied in class room work in Sunday School. We must have vigorous ideas, but withhold the grace to toss them out for what they are worth, and let them abide the fate which they merit.

First Intermediate Department.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

By W'calthy Lake of Harrisville School.

The illustration in the Sunday School class is the illustration we will consider. This Sunday School class is one of little boys and girls.

Why have an illustration? Does the subject demand it? If so, how should it be used? These, with other questions that may arise in the progress of our consideration of this subject we will discuss.

First, the illustration is necessary because we are dealing with boys and girls who learn truths principally through association of thoughts, one with another.

That is, to establish a truth in a child's mind we must associate that truth with a circumstance known to the child. First then, know the child—know what he knows—and then associate circumstances apt and effective. It is imperative to know the child, even to its home life in every detail. For knowing the atmosphere it breathes the six days it is not in our charge, we can judge what will be best for it while in our care. This we urge then, that we study first the child—the illustration will then come naturally and will be effective in its mission. It will clinch the truth; anchor it in the child's mind for all time.

The illustration should be used after all has been said that can be said of the truth we wish to impress on the mind of the child. Care should be taken not to make the illustration the subject. Let the illustration be the helpmate, hold it in its own station, subordinate to the truth we are endeavoring to establish.

As with the illustration having its

place and station, relative to the truth of the subject, so with the teacher and the pupil. Let the teacher present the truth and when it has been clearly defined let her draw from the pupil the illustration. In this way we test the aptness of the pupil in the power he has to compare. We are satisfied, too, that our teachings are within the scope of the child's ability to comprehend the subject under consideration. In this way we can keep our subject matter in the range of the child's power to grasp. Of course, there will be times when the illustration must be given by the teacher, so that the child may get the truth in the lesson. We should prefer, however, the teacher to present such truths that could be readily illustrated by the child. Let the power to illustrate grow spontaneously with the child.

In the execution of a subject in the Sunday School class the illustration is second to the truth of the subject in the order of importance. It should be considered a reserve, however, and should be brought forward only when needed. Too many times we use the illustration to entertain or amuse the child, thinking the truth of our subject not interesting. We use the illustration to revive interest. This misuse of the illustration is a detriment and should be carefully guarded against. As the story has been abused to the extent that the child has lost all interest in the lesson proper, so also can the illustration be mistreated. Let us impress truth in the mind of the child and seal it with the illustration.

Second Intermediate Department.

MORALITY AND PERSONAL PURITY.

Every Sunday School worker

should strive to live a little more moral and pure today than he did yesterday.

When we stand before our Sunday School class, consisting of boys and girls, too large to be children and too young to be men and women, let us be moral and pure. And if we are moral and pure there, we must needs be moral and pure elsewhere, or be stamped with the seal of hypocrite.

Our thoughts are the foundation of every action or word, whether moral or immoral. The liar never told a falsehood without first forming those words in his mind which he intended would deceive and thought of the advantage which he would receive in so doing.

Never was theft committed but that the thief first thought out the way he could break the lock, or sell the stolen goods unidentified. Never was murder committed until the murderer had thought out the way which it could be accomplished. Never did the unvirtuous man deceive without first having his object in view. Never did any of us utter a slur or an insult without first forming it in thought.

I therefore advance this theory, that if all our thoughts were moral and pure, we should be moral and pure in our lives.

If you will accept this theory the next topic will be, "How can we breathe pure and moral thoughts?"

It is doubtful if the man ever lived who sometime or other did not have impure thought. Sometimes such thoughts are made welcome, and sometimes we blush with shame that such thoughts should suggest themselves to us.

One can say with determination that that thought must leave his mind. But will it leave? Not until

some other material is furnished for thought. Therefore when unwholesome things come up in our minds let us call to mind some good thing to think about.

How many of us have sat around the campfire and listened to, or perhaps told, stories so vulgar that Satan would clap his hands and say, "They are coming this way." How should we like to have our mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, or Sunday School class hear our laugh ring out over a story as vile as hell itself?

What should we think if we should see our sister, wife, or mother enter a saloon, take a chew of tobacco, reel under the influence of liquor, call her neighbor a liar, or blaspheme the name of God? We should be ashamed, disgusted, and perhaps disown her.

Yet how many men holding both the lesser and the higher priesthood are guilty of these things.

It has been said that we often admire the politeness of a man whose morals we question. How often we see the man among us who will doff his hat to our fair young sister, give her his seat when his own feet burn like coals of fire, do anything for her while in the presence of others that any really polite man would do. And still if he is cunning enough to deceive her, he will ruin her life forever, just for a few moments of lustful gratification. The Lord grant that none such ever come from our Sunday School class.

Kindergarten Department.

HOW A TEACHER SHOULD DETERMINE THE RESULTS OF HER LABORS.
By Estella Goodyear of Salt Lake Stake.

Dont' think there is nothing for children to do,

Because they can't work like a man.
The harvest is great and the laborers are few,

Then children do all that you can.
Do all that you can oh; children do all that you can.

The harvest is great and the laborers are few,
Then children do all that you can.

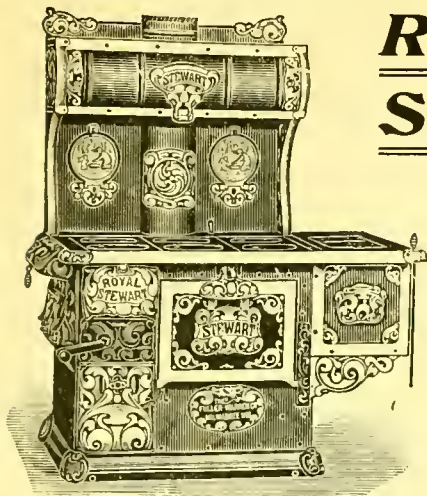
The question is, "How a teacher should determine the results of her efforts or labor." The first way by which a teacher can tell whether or not she is really reaching the child is by the interest shown. If the Sunday School is largely attended, then the child shows that he loves to come to Sunday School. The aim of your teaching should be to create an interest in Sunday School work. Make the child believe that Sunday School belongs to him and that he is a part of it. The young child has not the mental growth to understand all that is told him. His nature will unfold according to natural development, and each preceding step will prepare him for the next one. A child shows his interest by bringing things to Sunday School. If a little one brings a flower or picture, do not turn him aside, but acknowledge the gift. Very often the child is made to love nature through his nature work in the school. And he asks such questions as "Who Taught the Birds to Fly?" or "How Do Little Flowers Grow?" Tennyson said:

"Little flower, if I could but understand

What you are root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is."

A child who loves nature will love his Creator. All nature is the handiwork of God. Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, tells us that nature stands between God and



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